

Home Circle.

"CHANGING PAPERS."

"Have you renewed your subscription to the *Observer*, father?" said Mrs. Dane to her husband, as he sat busily reading a "sample copy" of a daily.

"No, mother, I really hain't, an' I jes' don't see how I can this year, times are so pesky hard. This is goin' to be a year to go down in hist'ry in the politic question. I'm puzzled to know what to do. Now here's a paper with the hull business writ up, silver and gold question, war news, till yo' can't rest, with lots o' interestin' readin', about hangin's, murders, robberies, prize-fightin', and a long love yarn in every issue, that'll make readin' for the gals and boys.

"And, as I said afore, a man's got to know what's goin' on to know how to vote. I guess I'll take this paper a year anyhow, and let the *Observer* go this time. Church news ain't so important just now, and as fo' religious readin', I guess 'twon't hurt any o' this family to take more to the Bible."

Mrs. Dane sighed; argument was useless, she knew too well; but for twenty years the *Observer* had been a weekly visitor in this home. It was the chief, and one might add, the only pleasure that this hard-working, home-loving, farmer's wife had. It was often too cold to ride several miles to the nearest church, so the paper was a source of much pleasure to the entire household on the Sabbath.

The first Sabbath without the paper came. Mr. Dane took down his Bible and instructed the family to do likewise; so an hour or two was spent both pleasantly and profitably. The afternoon came; Mr. Dane was taking his usual Sunday afternoon nap.

This was the hour when "mother" always gathered the family about her to study the Sunday-school lesson from the lesson notes in the paper. How lonely it seemed; the girls had slipped away, and were for the first time in their lives desecrating God's day by reading trashy fiction, in the way of sensational love stories, only such *stories* as a *cheap* daily can dish up and serve with a sauce of poison to its readers.

The boys were gone also, and only the mother sat alone—now and then wiping away a tear from her careworn cheek—vaguely wondering if she could get used to doing without her beloved paper; vainly trying to make herself believe that the present state of affairs was for the best, as her husband had said he "was doin' "

what was for the best in the long run." Just then a noise, beyond description, commenced in the back yard, nor did it confine itself to that locality. Two dogs with old tins tied to their tails went howling 'round the house.

Mr. Dane awoke very much startled, and almost upset his wife in his efforts to reach the door to see what the trouble was.

"Well, I'm blest, if them boys hain't at nice business for a Sunday! Boys, come here this minit, bring that strap from the shed-room;" and without further ado, the irate father proceeded to give his two youngest sons a "sound flogging."

"Now where yo' brothers; be they puttin' you chaps up to this?"

"Don't know; no, sir," sobbed the two little fellows. Just then Charlie, the second son, came running up, with his skates thrown over his arm.

"Oh! father, I'm afraid Joe's hurt; he an' Tom Wells caught up the colts to ride this evening, and Joe's colt just come a tearin' down the road, and is now in the pasture with the saddle on, but the bridle is broken. Me an' Jim Wells (the Wells boys were noted Sabbath-breakers, but this was the first time they had led the Dane boys wrong) was at the pon' a skeetin', an' saw the colt when it come in."

"Where did you meet up with them there Wellses?" said Mr. Dane, sternly.

"Me an' Joe were a tryin' the ice, it was so lonesomelike about the house, an' the boys come along."

Just then Joe came in sight. Tom was walking by his side, giving all the help he could, and led the young horse he had been riding. Joe had been thrown and his arm broken. The two girls rushed out to see what had happened, and each carried a copy of "the daily."

"My! my! girls, you haven't been a readin' that this day," said the mother, as she pointed to the titles, "Lost Honor" and "A Girl's Fatal Step"—titles from which one could easily draw a conclusion as to the nature of the story. Flushed and shamed faces answered better than words.

"All because we had no good church paper to keep us company. Well, if this is a beginning, what will be the end?" said Mrs. Dane.

Mr. Dane wasn't a man to argue a case when everything was against him.

"Well, mother, if these here youngsters hev got to tie cans to the dogs' tails, break young horses, an' barely escape breakin' their own necks, go a skeetin', an' read a passel o' clever writ lies, an' wust of all, you break your heart about it, we'll renew our subscription to-morrow

mornin', an' I reckon we'd as well send for a year's subscription for th' widder Wells; them boys o' hers need a little civilizin', an' I believe honest, that them sort o' papers is worth more than a town full o' dailies. My conscience hain't give me no rest, ever since I stopped the *Observer*, an' thank goodness I only took that daily a week on trial."—*Christian Observer*.

GETTING SOMETHING AHEAD.

Next to a good conscience, there is probably nothing which so enables a man to stand up in his boots and act out his individuality as financial independence. One who does not know where his next coat is coming from when the one he has on is worn out, or who is under obligations that he cannot possibly meet, will find that his personal force in the world, as well as his happiness, is pretty seriously discounted. Habits of thrift may sometimes be condemned as "mean," but those who express this opinion are usually the last persons to whom one can turn with confidence in a time of trouble. Most young men in the United States start out without any advantage of accumulated capital. They have their own brains and hands to depend upon. The old-fashioned advice to save a little, so as to get ahead, is still the soundest and best that can be given. Whenever we see a young man of five-and-twenty, who, unless he has been spending his resources in getting an education or in supporting members of his family, has nothing laid up for a rainy day, we see a man whom it takes a great deal of stupidity or heroism for a girl to marry. If he could not support himself when alone, the family of which he is head will have to put up with many privations, and his wife will be apt to have a hard and grinding life. It is still true that love "beareth all things and endureth all things," but it is a fair question whether it is wise in love to bear and endure a good many things that might be avoided. A girl who is asked in marriage has a perfect right to require the man who would win her to demonstrate that he has the ability to care for her. If the young women were more exacting in this regard, there would be many more book accounts, and in every case a better prospect of future happiness.—*The Watchman*.

THE blood of Jesus was shed for every man, and every man that goes down to eternal ruin because of the neglect of the Church will at the judgment bar of God stand as an accuser of the Church for the wasted blood of Jesus.—*Ex.*